A glimpse behind the mask

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A glimpse behind the mask

by Silvaxus

Summary

06. **Blow Jobs** / Suspension / Masks / Flogging

To see Hannibal's carefully woven person suit of sophistication and manners fall apart never failed to turn Will on.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Will wasn't surprised when his back hit the wall in a rough shove the second they came back home.

He had been teasing Hannibal all evening long, had poked and scratched the beast hiding behind Hannibal's mask of civilisation. Every now and then Will would catch a glimpse of the beast staring at him from the depth of Hannibal's eyes only for Hannibal to reign it back in.

With strategically placed touches, stares or the simple denial of Will's attention, he made the beast rage within Hannibal and Will could feel it. Waves of ice cold fury, raging like a storm, were building up and up and up and Will felt them tower of him. The foam on top of the waves looked like frozen blood and beneath the raging waters something dangerous was lurking and waiting. Waiting for a chance to strike.

The fact that they had to spend the whole evening in public and surrounded by people forced Will to hold tightly onto his empathy as not to end up overwhelmed...but he focused wholly on Hannibal and the beast behind his eyes.

To Will, the evening was thrilling. Feeling Hannibal's control waver and break apart shouldn't make Will feel so excited. It was dangerous, and could be deadly, but Will wanted to roll around in this feeling like a puppy in the sun.

So, it was no surprise to him to find himself smashed against the wall the second the door of their current home fell shut behind him.

Hannibal hadn't said a word since they left the party and neither did he speak when he shoved Will against the wall.

The persona was in shreds, died by the claws of the beast behind Hannibal's eyes and Will sighed happily when Hannibal forced his head back to get access to his vulnerable throat.

Teeth met the skin right over Will's pulse point and there would be no way to hide the mark Hannibal was leaving on his flesh. Not that Will planned to hide it anyway.

While Hannibal was more or less chewing on Will's throat, Will felt hands working on his belt.

When the belt buckle wouldn't cooperate with the beast's desire to have Will bare in front of him, Hannibal snarled. The snarl turned dangerous when Will slapped Hannibal's hands away and opened his belt himself.

He was achingly hard and the damn tight fitted suit pants Hannibal had gotten him tailored were like a torture device themselves and once Will managed to free his erection from the prison that were his pants, he groaned with relief.

The next sound coming from Will's mouth was a strangled gasp mixed with pain and

pleasure.

Hannibal had closed his hand around Will's balls and gave them an almost painful squeeze while he stared into Will's face like a predator waiting for a moment of weakness from his prey.

Gasping with every new tug and squeeze, Will never looked away from Hannibal's cold stare but rubbed himself, as good as their position allowed, against Hannibal's thigh.

There was nothing but sharp focus on Hannibal's face and Will felt the wave starting to build up high above them. The flood of blood and cold water was coming for him and he held onto Hannibal's shoulder so as not to get washed away by it.

When Hannibal finally let go of his balls, Will felt his knees buckle under the force of emotions clashing against each other between them. Too much and yet not enough.

All air was forced from his lungs when Hannibal pushed him back against the wall but before Will could proceed what was happening, Hannibal was kneeling in front of him.

Wet warmth surrounded Will's cock while strong fingers held him still against the wall.

Whimpering when he felt an edge of teeth on his most sensitive parts, Will looked down at himself and watched Hannibal swallow his cock again and again.

It shouldn't be so arousing to watch someone who was capable of ripping someone's throat out with his teeth suck and lap at his cock. Will, apparently, was very much different in this aspect as well.

Moaning, Will slammed his head back against the wall and buried his hands in Hannibal's longish dark blond hair with it's grey streaks.

Will had taken a glimpse behind the mask of his man a long time ago and he loved the beast lurking behind it.

End Notes

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